

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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### Scientific Execution.

Society is revenged upon the convict in his expectancy of death. The manner of it does not probably affect him in the least. But it is while he is waiting for the hand to strike him that the man who can not be forgiven on this side of the grave pays to his kind the penalty of his crime, and it matters not a jot whether the hand holds a rifle, an ax or a rope. And it is the knowledge of the fact that the apprehension of his fate is the real punishment of the assassin that is perpetually leading the thoughtful to discuss the question of merciful forms of execution. The rifle is a bungling instrument at best, for how are we to steady the hands and eyes of the men who step out at the word of a corporal to shoot down a comrade by word of command? The ax again, as history tells us, loses its edge in the grasp of a sympathetic executioner; and, though we can subsidize the hands of men to strike the blow, what hire can we give to hearts that they shall cease to beat pitifully, and so unnerve the arms that are already in our pay? The rope too, has been proved again and again, even in the congenial hands of the dead hangman, a blundering means of torture. It catches upon elbows, slackens in the wrong places, or breaks when an old cord is used, or the strain has been wrongly calculated. No wonder, therefore, that humanity, scandalized at such mishaps, should still cast about for some other means of fulfilling the last demands of justice.

Nor surely should science be unable to provide the means. Far apart from the various methods which commend themselves to specialists, there are others whereby instantaneous death can be assured. We might cite, for example, execution by lightning, which electricity seems to have placed within our power. When the writer of the "Coming Race" imagined the wonders of "vril," and showed us the executioners of the Ana destroying the doomed by a torch of the terrible staff, he may really have been pointing out, as he does in so many other instances, a direction in which science has yet to work a great reform, since in the magnetic current we have undoubtedly a life-taking weapon that is quite as formidable as vril. There could be no bungling, no chance of the nerves giving way, for death would follow the completion of the circuit as completely and swiftly as under a lightning flash, and thus, without any of the dreadful accessories now attending public executions, justice would be satisfied and the last penalty paid. The suggestions, at all events, are worth consideration in those high quarters where such serious matters are settled, and we put it before them as a possible mode of rapid punishment which, admitting of few chances of failure, would spare the shock now sometimes inflicted on public feelings. How and by what means the mysterious potency could be employed, if at all, remains for electricians to decide; but enough is already known to suggest a hope that the rope as an instrument of execution may before very long be disused, even if Marwood is not to be the last of our common hangmen.

The time will come when, in America, John Chinaman will have his right to vote, and he will be smothered with kisses, and the democratic party will throw its arms around his neck and kiss him on one cheek and the republican party will throw its arm around his neck and kiss him on the other cheek, and then both parties will get into a fight as to which has loved him longer and loved him best." —[Dr. Talmage.]

There are at present 120 newspapers in the United States of which the publishers, editors and chief contributors are negroes. The oldest of them is the *Elevator*, of San Francisco, which has attained its eighteenth year.

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a good deal more, isn't it, after it's broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking horse you gave me this morning."

Edison's Electric Light is a wonderful discovery, but not as wonderful as Hall's Catarrh Cure. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

## The Man Who Leaves the Door Open.

While the Man Who Takes Your Umbrella has all seasons for his own, and the Man Who Has a Little Story to Tell fails not in seed time nor in harvest, there is one particular fiend who becomes particularly numerous at about the time when there is a coolness in the morning breeze and no steam in the radiator. We refer to the Man Who Leaves the Door Open. He comes to the office on various ostensible errands, in fact on about every known pretext—except to settle a bill—but always his actual purpose is to go away leaving wide open the portal through which the autumnal zephyrs come cavorting with glacial coolness, and bearing their chaotic embrace full many a token of the pervasive dust from which we sprang, and to which we shall return. It does no good to bawl after him to shut the door. Oh, no! He is meandering down the sunny street, watching the white-winged clouds playing tag in the deep-smiling heavens. But as we lay down the pen, and push back the chair, and walk to the door and close it softly and pensively, and then stoop to gather up the scattered papers that have been whirled about our feet like fading forest leaves, the blessed Seraph whispers promises of a good time coming, and we are consoled with confidence that in the bright dawning era of our autumn days will be free from carping care, for the Man Who Leaves the Door Open must go.

Retribution. "And can nothing cause you to change your mind, Mildred?" "Nothing. My will is like iron. But yesterday I was a timid trusting girl whose every heart-beat was for you; to-day I am a woman, and the trusting heart of yesterday has turned to ice. Go!" and she stately pointed to the garden gate.

"Oh Mildred, my lost darling," cried Henegar, starting to his feet with a dull moan, "do you realize what this will drive me to?" But Mildred only muttered "go," and sternly pointed to the garden gate. Then up rose Henegar. In place of the supplicating look of entreaty there was on his face the stony glare of despair. Clenching his hands he gave her one look and rushed wildly through the yard.

But see. Only a few steps and there is a start, a shriek of mental agony; the strong arms are lifted a moment wildly in the air, and the body of Henegar Sturtevant with a thud falls back lifeless upon the sward. The clothes-line had caught him just half an inch under his chin. —[Evansville (Ind.) Argus.]

The Superior Court of Kentucky has made decisions involving points as follows: It is not necessary that a defendant should have been judicially found to be of unsound mind to enable the court to appoint a guardian ad litem for him. Persons with whom a firm has been accustomed to deal, not having notice of the dissolution of the firm, are not affected by it.

Money received as a pension from the Federal Government is exempt from seizure for the pensioner's debts even after it has come into his possession.

A judgment in a misdemeanor case can be reversed only for an error of law apparent on the record to the prejudice of the appellant.

To constitute the offense of unlawfully obstructing a public road it is not necessary that the obstruction should, as a matter of fact, have prevented the free use of the road. It is enough that it was calculated to do so.

The National Live Stock Journal says: Much of the value of potatoes as hog food depends upon cooking. Indeed when fed largely raw, they produce scouring, and do not at all digest. Potato is composed so largely of starch that cooking is almost indispensable to aid digestion. A little raw potato is beneficial to the hog's stomach when fed largely on corn. It is laxative and cool, allaying the feverish tendency from the heating effects of corn. But when fed to get the most out of them for fattening, potatoes should be boiled soft; and it grain is fed with them, it would be best to boil both together.

The deepest sea sounding ever made, says the *Scientific American*, was made in the Pacific ocean, near the entrance to Behring's Sea. Bottom was struck at 4,655 fathoms. The cast was made from the United States school-ship *Tuscarora*. The shallowest water in the middle of the Atlantic, 731 fathoms, show the subsidence of mountains 10,556.

## INVENTIONS AND INDUSTRIES.

A Frenchman claims to have discovered a simple method by which bronze is made as malleable as copper or iron. His process consists of the addition of from 1 to 2 per cent. of mercury, which acts mechanically rather than chemically, and produces the desired effect.

An iron company in England is converting the slag from their furnaces into concrete for building and other purposes. A new office has been built, in which the door and window facings and the ornamental parts usually made of stone are made of concrete. A contract has also been made with one of the railroad companies to furnish slag-concrete flags ready for use for laying down platforms at the stations.

A mechanic at Dunedin, New Zealand, has obtained a patent for an improved furnace for locomotive and other steam boilers. It is designed with a view of saving fuel, and the grate bars are set out from the tube sheet, to leave an air passage between them. A fire bridge is supported by the grate bars, and is provided with vertical, inclined and horizontal slabs and a flange surrounding the air-chamber.

Straw, wood, shavings and all fibrous substances are now used in the manufacture of a great variety of vessels. A New England company are manufacturing large quantities of barrels, baskets, kegs, tubs, etc., from the pulp of these materials, which is molded and compressed into the desired form. The vessels have no cracks, and, consequently, cannot leak or sift the contents, and will not dry up or shrink.

Mr. W. G. Bagnall, of Stafford, England, has built the smallest locomotive ever fitted together for actual use. It has a three-inch cylinder and thirteen-and-one-half-inch wheel, and its maximum width is only thirty-one inches. It of three-horse power and eighteen-inch gauge. It is to be used on some road in South America. Locomotives by the same builder, of the same type, but a little larger, are employed in South Africa, Java and India.

### BOURDEAUX AND ITS WINES.

In the United States Bordeaux is better known by its wines than by its political or religious history. In its vicinity, between the broad and deep Garonne and the sea, lies the most celebrated wine district in the world. This is the famous Medoc region, and contains the world-renowned Chateau Margaux, Chateau Lafite, St. Estephe, St. Julien and Mouton vineyards. Probably no other territory of equal size, not even amid the gold and diamond fields, has produced more, if so much, wealth as this. The Bordeaux wines, indeed, have enriched France more than any other one interest.

For table use, when pure, they are probably the best in existence, a fact which dealers here tell me the Americans know well how to appreciate. There is a striking and singular difference, however, between Bordeaux on the banks of the Garonne and Bordeaux on the banks of some other river.

The great wine vaults of Bordeaux are interesting. Through the courtesy of a friend I was permitted to descend into one of them. The experience of going through that cellar is, as an Irishman would say, much like that of passing through the catacombs of Rome, only different. The vaults are two stories deep, one series under the other. Most of the wines in store are in bottles, placed on iron racks, and laid upon their sides, in order to prevent the admission of air through the corkage. Many of the racks are overgrown with fungus, which grows in such places in very curious forms, and without any apparent moisture to nourish it. In many of the racks the bottles had lain for ten, twenty and even thirty years untouched. The wine in casks is racked off at certain intervals in order to eliminate the sediment. —[Cincinnati Gazette.]

Ex-PRESIDENT HAYES kept a list of the babies he kissed in four years and a half, and the number was 4,283.

### HE STOPPED HIS PAPER.

Once upon a time a man got mad at the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold his corn at 4 cents below the market price. Then his property was sold for taxes, because he didn't read the Sheriff's sales. He was arrested and fined \$5 for going hunting on Sunday, and he paid \$300 for a lot of forged notes that he had advertised two weeks and the public cautioned not to negotiate them. He then paid a big Irishman, with a foot like a forgo hammer, to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, where he paid four years' subscription in advance and made the editor sign an agreement to knock him down and rob him if he ever ordered his paper stopped again. Such is life without a newspaper. —[Columbia Banner.]

The Columbia College paper, called *Acta Columbiana*, described one of the editors of the *Yale Courant* as lying with one ear folded under his head as a pillow, while with the other he waved off the flies from the ceiling. Thereupon the editors of all the Yale papers, the *Courant*, *Record* and *Lat*, solemnly announced that the *Acta Columbiana* is out off from exchange.

The man who complains the bitterest of hard times and talks the loudest of grinding oppression, is the fellow who keeps his hands rammed the deepest in his breeches pockets, and whose breeches' seat is oftenest found on a door sill or needing a patch.

## THE ART OF TAKING THINGS EASY.

Many years ago there was a man in Hefle (Heathfield) parish, the next parish to our own on the west, who, having a small annuity, lived upon it in idleness. Low as his credit was, he had managed to get considerably in debt, and the visits of his creditors in the hope of getting their money were frequent and pressing. The man was not an early riser, and persons who specially wanted to find him at home would make sure by calling before he was up. One morning a neighbor knocked at the door, and insisted on the man's wife rousing her husband and compelling him to settle an account.

She accordingly went upstairs, woke her husband, and, as usual, to get any money, said, rather sharply, "I wonder, John, how you can lie sleeping there when you owe all the money you do." "Oh, I can sleep very well," he said, "if I do owe money; but," turning round for another snore, he added, "I sometimes do wonder how they can sleep that I owe money to." A similar contrast between an anxious mind and an easy one I once heard from a stranger in a train, who was telling me of an interview which, soon after he set up in business for himself, he had with a friend who, having been in business a little more than a year, was already hopelessly insolvent and had several writs out against him, and yet seemed perfectly calm and unconcerned. "I said to him," added my companion, "I wonder how ever you manage to take things as easy as you do. Why, I can pay 20 shillings in the pound, and yet often and often I can't sleep for thinking." "Ah," he said, "that's just the difference between us. You can't sleep for thinking, and I can't think for sleeping." —[Leisure Hour.]

### AUTHOR'S OPINIONS OF AUTHORS.

Says an English paper: Pitt told Wilberforce, respecting Bishop Butler's great work, "You may prove anything by analogy." Sydney Smith says the book is "the most noble and surprising defense of revealed religion ever made." Fielding was "the prose Homer of human nature," according to Byron; "a blockhead," if we believe Dr. Johnson. Johnson himself was dubbed "Ursa Major" by Lord Anshelm. "He has nothing of the bear but the skin," said Goldsmith. "Johnson was an odious and mean character," according to Horace Walpole; Mr. Thomas Carlyle praises him as "a mass of genuine manhood." "Sir, I don't think Gray a first-rate poet," quoth Johnson. "I have been reading Gray's works, and I think him the only poet since Shakespeare entitled to the character of the sublime," wrote Cowper. "The first of solemn ocombs," says Warton of Goldsmith. "An inspired idiot," says Horace Walpole; while Bishop Percy speaks of his "elegant and enchanting style." Curran tells us that "Edmund Burke's mind was like an over-decorated chapel filled with gauds and shows and badly-assorted ornaments." Sir James Mackintosh held him to be "the greatest philosopher in practice the world ever saw." "There could not," said Porson, "be a better exercise for a schoolboy than to turn a page of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall' into English." "The luminous page of Gibbon," said Sheridan; though the wit afterward declared he meant "voluntinous."

Some of the Chinese similes are said to be as pointed as they are sarcastic. They call a blustering, harmless fellow "a paper tiger." A man who places too high a valuation upon himself they compare to "a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself." A hunchback making a bow is what they call overdoing the thing. A spendthrift they compare to "a rocket," which goes off all at once, and a man who expends his charity on remote objects, neglecting his own family, is said to "hang up a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below."

### AMBERGRIS.

The largest lump of ambergris ever known was in the possession of the King of Tidore, and purchased of his Majesty by the Dutch East India Company. It weighed 182 pounds. Another enormous piece, of 130 pounds weight was found inside a whale near the Windward Islands, and sold for \$2,500. The true ambergris, which is a morbid secretion of the spermaceti whale, gives out a fragrant smell when a hot needle is thrust into it, and it also melts like fat, but the counterfeit often sold instead of the real thing does not present these features. Men engaged in whale fishing are on the lookout for ambergris, and usually find most of it in the torpid, sick or very lean fish, consequently it would appear to be, what all medical practitioners say it is, the product of a diseased liver.

### IN THE RANKS OF THE PRESS.

Prof. Spring says, in the *Chicago Alliance*: "As the newspaper press has prospered, so in proportion have the poet, the novelist and the dramatist disappeared. In the commencement of this century the list of authors, headed by Byron, Shelley, Moore, Scott, Sheridan, Colman, Bulwer and Knowles, formed but a few of the phalanx. Where are their compeers of this period? They are private soldiers in the ranks of the press. Fellow-wielders of the scissiors and the pen, clip this item."

Motto to milk men.—To the pure all things are pure.

## A HOT-WATER RIVER.

The great Sulro tunnel, cut to relieve the celebrated Comstock mines at Virginia City, Nev., of vast quantities of hot water which is encountered in them, affords an outlet to 12,000 tons every twenty-four hours, or about 3,000,000 gallons. Some of the water, as it finds its way out of the mines, has a temperature of 195 deg., while four miles from the mouth of the tunnel the temperature ranges from 130 to 135. To obviate the inconvenience which would arise from the vapor such a vast quantity of water would give off, the flow is conducted through the entire tunnel, four miles, in a tight flume made of pine. At the point of exit the water has lost but 7 deg. of heat. Sixty feet below the mouth of the tunnel the hot water is utilized for turning machinery belonging to the company, from whence it is turned off by a tunnel 1,100 feet in length, which serves as a water-way. Leaving the waste way-tunnel the water flows to the Carson river, a mile and a half distant. The hot water is being utilized for many purposes. The boys have arranged several pools, where they indulge in hot baths. The miners and others use it for laundry purposes, and arrangements are being made whereby a thousand acres belonging to the company are to be irrigated. It is proposed to conduct the hot water through iron pipes, beneath the surface of the soil, near the roots of thousands of fruit trees which are to be planted, and in a similar manner give the necessary warmth to a number of hot houses to be used for the propagation of early fruits and vegetables.

### A DEAF SOLDIER.

A soldier, wishing to get his discharge, shamed deafness so successfully that all the medical men who examined his case were deceived by him. No noise, however sudden or unexpected, had any power to disturb his equanimity; and he had acquired such perfect control over his nerves that a pistol fired over his head when he was asleep did not apparently awake him. Grave suspicions as to the genuineness of his malady were entertained, notwithstanding. Like most malingerers he was a little too clever and complete. Still, it seemed impossible to catch him tripping. A final examination was made; the doctors expressed themselves satisfied, and the soldier was presented with his certificate of discharge. On the day he met a comrade who whispered, "Have you got it?" with an appearance of eager interest. "Yes, here it is!" was the unguarded reply. But the certificate, though filled in, was not signed, and the malingerer was a sold man. —[Chambers' Journal.]

### RELATION OF THE NOSE TO THE FACE.

A somewhat singular fact has been observed with reference to the shape of the nose, or, rather, the setting of it, so to speak. To be strictly correct, from the artist's point of view, the nose should be accurately in the middle of the face, and at right angles from the pupil of one eye to that of the other. As a matter of fact it is rarely or never found thus placed; it is almost invariably a little out of the "square," and the fact of its being so is often that which lends a peculiar expression and piquancy to the face. A medical writer points out that there are anatomical reasons why a slight deviation from the true central line may be expected, and that the nose which is thus accurately straight between the two eyes may, after all, be considered an abnormal one; the only absolutely true and correct organ being, in fact, that which thus deviates a little to the right or left.

A SWARM of bees in the Sweetwater valley, Cal., settled on a rattlesnake that was six feet in length, twelve inches girth and had twenty-two rattles. They stung him violently so that he was blinded, and he was easily killed with a spade.

ALPHONSE GARR, referring to food adulterations in France, once said: "If I poison my grocer I shall be sent to the penitentiary, but if he poisons me he gets off with \$10 fine."

PHYSICIANS urge red-nosed men to bathe the resplendent organ in butter-milk. This will give it a soft, creamy color.

No matter how jaded the constitution may be from disease or excess, the Great German Invigorator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

Mrs. Jane S. McIntosh, Louisville, says: "My daughter has been an invalid for years, and Brown's Iron Bitters has afforded her relief."

### PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Denning's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

There is no safety in allowing a cough, however light, to continue. No one can tell the cough that may prove dangerous. Brown's Expectant will eradicate any cough or cold ever contracted. Ask your druggist for this and no other. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

J. T. Morrison, of Washington, Ind., says one bottle of Brown's Expectant worked like a charm in his family. He is convinced of its wonderful curative qualities. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

## M'ROBERTS & STAGG

DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS,

Opera House Block, - - - Stanford, Ky.,

DEALERS IN—  
Drugs, Chemicals, Wall Paper, Wines, Musical Instruments, Pockets, Stationery, Cigars, Tobacco, Pocket Cutlery, Machine Needles, Oils, Lamps, Perfumery, Fire Arms, Soap, Fire, etc.

Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Col. Thos. Richards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks Promptly and in the best style.

## H. C. RUPLEY.

I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley.

## W. H. HIGGINS,

DEALERS IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

Salemen: T. M. Johnston, W. B. McKinney.

H. C. BRIGHT. F. J. CURRAN.

## BRIGHT & CURRAN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in—

## GROCERIES AND HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE, &c.

We run two hours, carry the Largest Stock in town; pay cash for our goods, which enables us to sell you closer than any one. All we ask is a trial. BRIGHT & CURRAN.

## Penny & McAlister

PHARMACISTS

DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded. Also

JEWELERS!

THE

Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.

## Livery, Sale & Feed

STABLE!

AND HARNESS SHOP.

Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates reasonable.

100,000 POUNDS WOOL

wanted by me. I will pay the highest market price. I also deal in

COAL!

And can supply it in any quantity.

A. T. NUNNELLEY, Stanford, Ky.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

STEAM JOB OFFICE

Does every Kind of Printing at

City prices.

Fig. 1.

Trade Mark. Registered.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.







My stock of the above goods is now very comprehensive and my prices for them EXCEEDINGLY Low. You are standing in your own light if you do not buy of me. I mean every word of this, as you will see by calling at the Postoffice store. Country Produce wanted



## THE FISH-BALL.

BY S. E. MURKIN.

Let's sing  
The chicken wing,  
And buckwheat cakes and griddle flake;  
And side by side  
Place lobster fried,  
Peck chops and other common dishes;  
And yet into my dining room,  
While I'm away from I am led,  
I'll stand before the world and say:  
"The fish-ball is its own reward!"

I'm fond of ham  
And crimson jam,  
And macaroni crowned with bacon;  
Yet, while I sigh  
For who and why,  
My faith in clams remains unshaken;  
But when my fancy's running wild,  
And I'm by no way lark-colored,  
I preach to woman, man and child:  
"The fish-ball is its own reward!"

Oh! gay martini,  
Your wine affects me  
Nailed up against a door or shutter;  
The little boy  
Just jumps with joy  
To see you served with milk and butter.  
Oh! sweet I far beyond the sea,  
By fifty thousand girls adored,  
The motto of my soul would be:  
"The fish-ball is its own reward!"

Oh, noble cod!  
To you I nod!  
You make me sad and meditative;  
When I'm with wine  
You're quite divine  
Unto the Massachusetts native.

Oh! when I'm old and bent and gray,  
With wholesome morals richly stored,  
I'll hold my fish and say:  
"The fish-ball is its own reward!"

## A STRANGE STORY.

I have a strange, almost incredible, story to tell of an experience of my own one fearful night in the woods. Imagination had nothing to do with it, for I am a backwoods daughter, accustomed to the wild sounds of the forest, the loneliness, and all that is terrifying to a novice.

My father was a good man, serving God after his own simple fashion, seeing Him and loving Him in His works. I have heard him hold forth on the provident ways of the beaver. "Why! the little critter'd starve in the cold season if it didn't use its little fat tail for buildin' its house, and then fillin' it with food in time!" I have heard him tell of the caribou: "Look at that, too," he would say, "and at the moose. Now, the caribou has to travel often a matter of twenty miles for his dinner, for he's a dainty 'un, and only eats the long gray moss that hangs from the trees; so God gave him snow-shoes, good as an Injun could make 'em, to skim over the ice crust—while the big, heavy moose there sinks right in. His dinner is close at hand. He could live for months on an acre lot." He could speak the loon, and its adaptation in every way to its watery home—always ending such talk with: "All God's works are 'pon honor; there's no half-way with Him."

I was the only one left of ten children. My father, when mourning over and missing the others, would never complain but only say, "They're better off. Why, if we can't trust the little children that don't know the meaning of sin, there ain't any chance for the men!" And so he lived his quiet life—his heart beating close to nature's heart, and his soul unconsciously seeking and finding nature's God.

My mother must have been beautiful in her youth. She was a *Lorette Candide*, and her bright French spirits carried her gayly over many hard trials in her life of frequent deprivation. One great, overwhelming sorrow of her life was the unaccountable disappearance of her little year-old daughter, her only beautiful child—the one in her own image, whom from the first she loved with a peculiar tenderness.

The child had been left alone in her little birch-bark crib for a short half hour, while mother was busy at the spring, a mile from home, in the midst of the woods. I, a little 6-year-old, was off in the canoe with my father, as a treat for having been especially good the day before. Father and I had a splendid time—we always did when we were away together—and, our canoe full of trout, we were coming gayly home toward evening, when a cold chill fell on our happiness, and my child's head felt a strange thrill as I read a sudden anxiety in my father's face, whose every change I knew. His quick ear had caught the sound of mother's voice, and, after a while, I, too, could hear a hopeless moan, a dreadful, heart-broken sound. We found mother kneeling on the floor, her hand leaning on the empty crib, and moaning as one that could not be comforted. The baby was gone. How or where we could not tell—we never knew. Weeks were spent in searching for her, and at length, to save mother's reason, father forced her to leave the pretty log cabin in the woods by the lake, where this last sorrow had come upon her, and we went to Montreal.

There we lived quietly for years during the winter time. The nuns of the great Convent of the Gray Sisters took charge of my education. Mother and I had neat little rooms in the French quarter, while father went off moose-hunting for weary months; but the summer time we always spent with him. He would choose lovely spots for our summer encampments, never on the site of the log cabin deserted after the baby's loss, until the summer of my 19th year. Then a great desire took possession of my mother to go once more to the old home. She had been very delicate that winter, and my great, rough father denied her nothing. I shudder when I think of that beautiful, direful place now—it seems as though our evil fate hovered about it. All the anguish I ever knew centers there.

We passed one peaceful month together, disturbed only by distant rumors of diphtheria, a scourge which seemed to be striding from village to village, first on the river, then nearer us on the great lake; but we never thought of its touching us, until one miserable night, when father came home, languid and feverish, from one of his numerous expeditions, and we read in his face that the ghastly finger of the scourge had set its mark upon him. After the second day of anxiety about father all strength seemed to fail my delicate little mother. From the first she had despaired about him, and now I saw that, if father's life were taken, I should have to part with them both.

Her life would die with his, for sorrow forges stronger bonds even than joy, and he had suffered so much together, his love always supporting her, that he had become life of her life. She could not exist alone.

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I dragged her the few steps into the house, laid her on my hemlock boughs, untouched by me since the sickness visited us. Then I found a wound in the poor creature's side and bound it up, bathed her head, and, in the quiet, now again I felt startled at seeing my mother's image, young and fair, before me, and, when at length her great eyes opened, I felt it must be that sister lost to me till now, and sent back in this sad hour to take my mother's place. I leaped forward, in an access of tenderness, to welcome her, when a look of fright, an animal-like wild terror, took possession of her face, and a low sort of snarl broke from her human lips.

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The child had been left alone in her little birch-bark crib for a short half hour, while mother was busy at the spring, a mile from home, in the midst of the woods. I, a little 6-year-old, was off in the canoe with my father, as a treat for having been especially good the day before. Father and I had a splendid time—we always did when we were away together—and, our canoe full of trout, we were coming gayly home toward evening, when a cold chill fell on our happiness, and my child's head felt a strange thrill as I read a sudden anxiety in my father's face, whose every change I knew. His quick ear had caught the sound of mother's voice, and, after a while, I, too, could hear a hopeless moan, a dreadful, heart-broken sound. We found mother kneeling on the floor, her hand leaning on the empty crib, and moaning as one that could not be comforted. The baby was gone. How or where we could not tell—we never knew. Weeks were spent in searching for her, and at length, to save mother's reason, father forced her to leave the pretty log cabin in the woods by the lake, where this last sorrow had come upon her, and we went to Montreal.

There we lived quietly for years during the winter time. The nuns of the great Convent of the Gray Sisters took charge of my education. Mother and I had neat little rooms in the French quarter, while father went off moose-hunting for weary months; but the summer time we always spent with him. He would choose lovely spots for our summer encampments, never on the site of the log cabin deserted after the baby's loss, until the summer of my 19th year. Then a great desire took possession of my mother to go once more to the old home. She had been very delicate that winter, and my great, rough father denied her nothing. I shudder when I think of that beautiful, direful place now—it seems as though our evil fate hovered about it. All the anguish I ever knew centers there.

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## Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Wm. P. Marshall, of Legansport, Indiana, writes: "My wife has for many years been troubled from pain in her back and general debility incident to her sex. She has taken one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, and I can truthfully say that she has been so much benefited that she pronounces it the only remedy of many medicines she has tried."

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

## WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

FOR THE  
**LIVER**  
And all Bilious Complaints  
Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping.  
Price 25c. All Druggists.

## ROBBED

Thousand of groans are annually uttered by the victims, lives prolonged happiness and health restored by use of the great  
**GERMAN INVIGORATOR!**  
Which positively and permanently cures Impotency, caused by excess of any kind, Neurasthenia, and all diseases that follow a course of self-abuse, loss of energy, loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to consumption, and a premature grave. Send for circulars with testimonials free by mail. The **INVIGORATOR** is sold at \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5, by all druggists, or will be sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price, by  
**F. J. CHENEY,**  
113 Adams Street, Toledo, Ohio.  
Sole agent for the United States. [21-177]

CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS.CURE  
SICK  
HEAD

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